

# Oxford Democrat.

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## OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

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## POPULAR TALES.

### The Farmer's Daughter.

BY MISS SMITH.

There lived a few years ago, in the interior of one of the middle States, a sturdy farmer, well to do in the world, by the name of William Wilder. He had wandered away from Yankee land in his younger days, to seek his fortune, and having been employed by a respectable Quaker to work on his farm, he had contrived, with true Yankee adroitness, to win the affections of the old man's daughter, and had married her. His wife having espoused one of the world's people, contrary to the rules of her order, was of course read out of the society; but William loved her none the less for that; if anything, he felt a little rejoiced at it, for he thought it seemed to bring her a little nearer to him. He had no particular objection to them; he always found them a pretty good sort of people, but he had no idea that he should ever join them himself, and therefore felt a sort of relief something that he could hardly describe, when told that his wife was read out.

Mrs. Wilder, never overcome, and, perhaps, never tried to overcome, the habits which had grown up with her childhood and youth; she always called her husband, William, and continued through life to speak the Quaker dialect. But this from her lips was never ungrateful or unwelcome to Wilder's ears; for one of the sweetest sounds that dwell in his memory was when he asked her a certain question, and her reply was, 'William, thee has my heart already, and my hand shall be thine whenever thee may please to take it.'

William Wilder was a thrifty and stirring man; in a few years he found himself the owner of a good farm, and was going ahead in the world as fast as the best of his neighbors. Nor has the whole sum of his good fortune yet been stated. He was blessed with a daughter; a bright, rosy-cheeked, healthy, romping girl, full of life and spirits, and her eyes exceedingly beautiful.

The daughter, at the period which is now to be more particularly described, had reached the age of eighteen years. Her complexion was naturally fair, but a little browned from exposure to the sun, for she had been accustomed from childhood to be much in the open air. If this, however, had detracted aught from her beauty, it was more than compensated by the vigor and elasticity to her frame, and the bright and deep lustre it had brought to her dark hazel eyes. She was an object of engrossing love to her parents, and of general attraction in the neighbourhood.

'There's that Joe Nelson alongside of Debby again,' said Mr. Wilder to his wife, rather pettishly as they came out of church one warm summer afternoon, and commenced their walk homeward. 'I wish he wouldn't make himself so thick.'

'Well, now, my dear, I think thee has a little too much feeling about it,' returned Mrs. Wilder. 'Young folks like to be together, thee knows, and Joseph is a clever and respectable young man; nobody never says a word against him.'

'Yes, he's too clever to be worth anything,' said Wilder, 'and by-and-by he'll take it into his head, if he hasn't already, to coax Debby to marry him. I've no idea of her marrying a pauper; I've worked too hard for what little property I've got, to be willing to see it go to feed a vagabond, who never earns anything and never will. I don't believe Joe will ever be worth a hundred dollars as long as he lives.'

'Well, now, my dear, I think thee is a little too hard upon Joseph,' said Mrs. Wilder; 'thee should remember he is but just out of his time. His father has been sick several years, and Joseph has almost entirely supported the whole family.'

'Oh, I don't deny but he's clever enough, and kind enough to his father and mother,' said Mr. Wilder; 'all I don't like to see him so thick along with Debby. How should you feel to see him married to Debby, and not worth a decent suit of clothes?'

'Well, I should feel,' said Mrs. Wilder, 'as though they were starting in life very much as we did, when we were first married. We had decent clothes, and each of us a good pair of hands, and that was about all we had to start with. I don't think William, we should have got along any better or been any happier, if there had been worth a hundred thousand dollars when we were married.'

This argument came home with such force to Wilder's bosom, that he made no attempt to answer it, but walked on in silence till they reached their dwelling. Debby and Joseph had arrived there before them, and were already seated in the parlor. Seeing Joseph as they passed the window, Mr. Wilder chose not to go in, but continued his walk up the road to the high ground that overlooked some of his fields, where he stood, ruminating for half an hour upon the prospect of

his crops, and more particularly upon the unpleasant subject of Debby and Joe Nelson. The young man had become so familiar and so much at home at his house, that he could hardly doubt there was a strong attachment growing up between him and Debby, and he began to feel very uneasy about it. He had always been so fond of his daughter, and her presence was so necessary to his happiness, that the idea of her marrying at all was a sad thought to him; but if she must marry, he was determined it should be, if possible, to a person of some property, who would at once place her in a comfortable situation in life, and relieve her from the foolish anxiety, so common in the world, lest his own little estate should be dishonored by family connection not equal to it. While he remained there in this musing mood he recognized Henry Miller coming down the road, and he resolved at once to take him home with him to supper. Miller was a dashing business young fellow, who kept a store about a mile and a half from Wilder's, and was reputed to be worth some five or six thousand dollars. He had therefore been a frequent visitor at Wilder's house, and there was a time when his attentions to Debby, were such as to cause Mr. Wilder to expect that the thrifty young trader would become his son-in-law.

Debby, however, was not sufficiently pleased with him to encourage his attentions, and for some time past his visits had been discontinued. 'Good afternoon, Mr. Miller,' said William, presenting his hand; 'glad to see you, how do you do? fine day, this.'

'Yes, fine day,' said Miller, 'excellent weather for crops; how are you all at home?'

'Quite well, thank ye, said Wilder. 'Come, you must go down to the house with me. Why have you been such a stranger lately?'

'Oh, I've generally been pretty busy,' said Miller, coloring a little, 'I don't get much time to visit.'

'Well, you must go down to the house with me now, and stop to supper,' said Wilder; 'you can have nothing to prevent you to-day, I'm sure.'

Miller colored still deeper; said he did not think he could stop; he only came out to take a bit of a walk, and did not think of going any further than the top of the hill where they now stood. Mr. Wilder, however, would not take 'no' for an answer, and after considerable importunity he prevailed upon Miller to accept his invitation, and they descended the hill together and went into the house.

'Debby, here's Mr. Miller,' said Wilder, as they entered the parlor.

Debby rose, handed a chair, and said 'good evening'; but her face was covered with blushes, and she returned again to her seat.

Mr. Miller seated himself in the chair, he glanced across the room and recognized Joseph Nelson. The two young men nodded at each other, and both seemed somewhat embarrassed.

'Where's your mother, Debby?' inquired Mr. Wilder; 'Mr. Miller's going to stop to supper.'

At this moment Mrs. Wilder entered the room.

'How does thee do, Henry?' said she, presenting her hand, 'I hope thy mother is well.'

'Very well indeed,' said Miller, and after a few more remarks, said Wilder retired to superintend the preparation of supper.

'Excuse me, Mr. Miller, a little while,' said Mr. Wilder, 'I want to go and show Joseph that field of corn of mine we were looking at, back of the hill. According to my notion it is the stoutest piece there is in the country. Come Joseph, go up and look at it.'

'I think it is the stoutest piece I've seen this year,' said Joseph; 'I saw it about a week ago.'

'Oh, it has gained amazingly within a week,' said Mr. Wilder, 'come, go up and look at it.'

Joseph was altogether unaccustomed to such attentions from Mr. Wilder, and he looked not a little confused as he took his hat and followed him to the door. They went up the road, and Mr. Wilder took him all around the field of corn, and examined hill after hill, and looked into the other fields and found a hundred things to stop and look at, and talked more to Joseph than he had before for six months. Joseph suspected that this walk was undertaken by Mr. Wilder for the purpose of leaving Miller and Debby in the room together, but he bore it all patiently, and answered all Mr. Wilder's remarks about his crops and his fields with apparent interest, for he knew too well the state of Debby's feelings, both towards himself and toward Miller, to feel any uneasiness.

At length Mr. Wilder concluded supper must be nearly ready, and they returned to the house. On entering the parlor they found Miller alone, reading a newspaper. Mr. Wilder looked vexed.

'What, all alone, Mr. Miller?' said Mr. Wilder; 'I shouldn't have staid so long, but I thought Debby would amuse you till we got back.'

'Miss Debby had some engagement that required her attention,' said Miller, and asked to be excused; but I have found myself quite interested with this newspaper.'

Wilder went out and met his wife in the hall, and asked her how long it had been since Debby left Mr. Miller alone in the parlor.

'She left in three minutes after she went out,' said she, 'and I couldn't persuade her to go back again. She said she knew thee went out on purpose to leave her and Henry alone there together, and she would not stay. It's no use, William, things always will have their own way, and it's no use trying to prevent it.'

The supper passed off rather silently and rather awkwardly. Mr. Wilder endeavored to be sociable and polite to Miller, and Debby performed many little silent acts of politeness toward Joseph, and Mrs. Wilder as usual was mild and complaisant to all. But an air of embarrassment

pervaded the whole company, and when they rose from the table Henry Miller asked to be excused, and said it was time for him to return homeward. Wilder endeavored to persuade him to stop and spend the evening, but Henry was decided, and said he must go. After he had gone, Joseph and Debby returned again to the parlor, where they were joined a part of the evening by Mrs. Wilder; but Wilder, after walking up and down the dining room, for an hour or two, retired to bed; not, however, to sleep. His mind was too much engrossed with the destiny of Debby, to allow of repose. He counted the hours, as they were told by the clock, till it had struck twelve. Mrs. Wilder had been two hours asleep, still he had not heard Joseph go out. After a while the clock struck one, and in a few minutes after that, he heard the outer door rather softly opened and closed; and then he heard Debby tripping lightly to her chamber.

'Ah, thought Wilder to himself, 'it is as my wife says, these things will have their own way. This staying till one o'clock looks like serious business.'

The next day Debby had a long private interview with her mother; and, after dinner, Mrs. Wilder wished to have some conversation with her husband in the parlor.

'Well, my dear,' said she, 'Debby and Joseph are bent upon being married. It seems that they made up their minds to it some time ago; and now they have fixed upon the time. They say they must be married week after next. Now, I think, we had better fall in with it with as good feeling as we can, and make the best of it. Thee knows I have always said these things will have their own way, and when young folks get their minds made up, I don't think it's a good plan to interfere with 'em. As long as Joseph is clever and respectable, and good to work, I think we ought to feel contented about it, although he is poor. It seems to me that there is as many folks that marry poor, that make out well in the world, as there are that marry rich.'

After a little reflection upon the matter, Wilder came to the conclusion that his wife had nearly the right of it, and told her he would make no further opposition to the match; they might be married as soon as they chose.

'Well, my dear,' said Mrs. Wilder, 'Debby needs a little change to get some things straightened out, in order to get ready to be married.'

'How much will she want this week?' asked Mr. Wilder.

'If thee can let me have fifteen or twenty dollars,' said Mrs. Wilder, 'I think it would do for the present.'

'Well, now, I've no money by me,' said Mr. Wilder, 'except a hundred dollar bill, and it's impossible to get that changed short of sending it to the Bank, a distance of ten miles. I tried all over the neighborhood last week to get it changed, but couldn't succeed. I shall be too busy to go myself to-morrow, but if Debby has a mind to go on the old horse in the morning, and take the bill to the Bank and get it changed, she may have some of the money.'

This proposition was soon reported to Debby, who said, 'she had just as leave take the ride as not.'

The matter being thus amicably arranged with Mr. Wilder, there was nothing to hinder going forward with comfort and despatch in making preparations for the wedding. Debby was in excellent spirits, turned off the work about the house with remarkable facility; and evinced unusual solicitude in her attentions to her father, answering all his wants before he had time to name them. And on the other hand, Mr. Wilder was in unusual good humor toward Debby. Having at last brought his mind to assent to the arrangement which he had so strongly opposed, his feelings were now in a state of reaction, which caused him to regard Debby with uncommon tenderness. His eyes followed her about the house with looks of love, and a tone of kindness breathed in every word he uttered. The next morning his old gray horse was standing at the door and eating provender, full two hours before Debby was ready to start; and Mr. Wilder had been out half a dozen times to examine the saddle and bridle to see that everything was right, and had lifted up the horse's feet, one after another, all round, to see if any of the shoes were loose. And when at last Debby was ready, he led old gray to the horse-block, and held him till she was well seated on the saddle, and then he handed her the bridle, and shortened the stirrup-leather, and buckled the girth a little tighter, to prevent the danger of the saddle's turning, and when he had seen that all was right, he stepped into the house and placed it in her hand, and giving her a hundred charges to take care of herself, and be careful she did not get a fall, he stepped up on the horse-block, and stood and watched her as she turned into the road and ascended the hill, till she was entirely out of sight.

Debby trotted on leisurely over the long road she had to travel, but she was too full of pleasant thoughts and bright anticipations to feel weary at the distance or lonely in the solitude. The road was but little travelled, and she met but two persons in the whole distance, one as she was descending a hill about a mile from home, and the other in the long valley of dark woods about midway in her journey. Had she been of a timid disposition, she would have felt a good deal of uneasiness when she saw this last person approaching her. His appearance was dark and rufous; they were two miles from any house, in the midst of a deep silent wilderness. But Debby's nerves were unmoved, she returned his bow in passing, and kept her way with perfect composure.

She reached the end of her journey in due time, hitched her horse in the shed at the village hotel, and inquired of the waiter at the door the

way to the bank. As he was pointing out to her its location, she observed a tall, dark looking man, with black whiskers and heavy eye-brows, looking steadily at her. She, however, turned away without noticing him any further, and went directly to the bank. When she reached the door, she found it closed, and learnt from the bystanders that the bank, from some cause or other, was shut for the day. In her exceeding disappointment, she stood silent for some time, uncertain what she should do.

'Is it any thing, Miss, that I can help you about?' said a gentleman at the adjoining shop door.

Debby replied that she wanted to get a bill changed at the bank.

'Oh, I'll change it for you,' said the gentleman, 'if it isn't too large; come step in here.'

She accordingly stepped into the store, and giving him many thanks, handed him the bill.

'Oh, a hundred dollars,' said he; 'I can't do it, I haven't half that amount in the store. But you go across there to the apothecary's I think it likely enough he may do it.'

Debby thanked him again, and went across to the apothecary's. Here she made known her wishes, but with no better success. The apothecary looked at the bill, and opened his pocket-book, and then discovered that he had paid away all his small notes that day and couldn't change it. As she turned to go out, she encountered a man behind her, who seemed to have been looking over her shoulder. She looked up at him, and recognized the tall man with black whiskers whom she had noticed at the hotel. Leaving the druggist's shop, she observed a large dry goods store, and thought she would try her luck there. Still she was unsuccessful. As she was leaving the store, she met the tall man with black whiskers again. He looked smilingly upon her, and asked her to let him see the bill, for he thought it probable he could change it. After looking at it, he returned it to her again, observing, if it had been a city bill he would have changed it, but he didn't like to change a country bill.

Having tried at two or three other places without effecting her object, Debby found she must give it up, for she was now told it probably would not be possible for her to get it changed till the bank should be opened the next day. Nothing further remained, therefore, that she could do, and she concluded to return immediately home. As she rode out of the hotel yard, she observed again the tall man with black whiskers, standing at the corner of the house, and apparently watching her movements. She could not but think he had considerable imperious curiosity, but she rode on, and was no sooner out of his sight than he was out of her mind, for her own perplexing disappointment engrossed all her thoughts. She passed over the first two miles of her homeward journey almost unconscious of the distance, so busily was she turning over in her mind various expedients to remedy the failure of her present undertaking. Sometimes she thought she must return again to the bank the next morning; but the journey was rather more of an undertaking than she had anticipated, and she shrunk a little from the idea of a repetition of it. She thought of several of their neighbors, of whom she presumed it might be possible to borrow a few dollars for a short time. But then she knew that her father was so strenuously opposed to borrowing, that he would on no account allow it to be done; and would never forgive her should he find out that she had done it without his knowledge or consent. She might get trusted for most of the articles she wanted, but several of them of the most importance were at Henry Miller's store, and she would not ask to be trusted there, if she never obtained the articles.

Her reveries were at last broken off by the sound of a horse coming up at rather a quick trot behind her. She looked over her shoulder, and there was the tall man with black whiskers, mounted on a large and beautiful black horse, within a few yards of her; she shuddered a little at first at the idea of having his company through the woods, but as he came up he accosted her with such a bland smile and such gentle and easy manners, that she soon recovered from her trepidation and rode on with her wonted composure.

'Rather a long road here, Miss,' said the stranger, looking at the dark woods that lay in the great valley before them. 'How far do you go, Miss?'

'Seven or eight miles,' said Debby hesitating a little.

'I am happy to find company on the road,' said the stranger, 'for it is rather lonesome riding alone. I trust you'll allow me to be your protector through the woods.'

Debby thanked him, but said, 'she was never lonesome and never afraid. Still, in a lonely place it was always more agreeable to have company.'

'Did you make out to get your bill changed?' said the stranger.

'No,' said Debby, 'I tried till I was tired, but I could not find any one to change it. I don't know but I shall have to come back again tomorrow, for it is impossible to get it changed in our neighbourhood.'

The stranger made himself very agreeable in his conversation, and Debby began to think that her feelings at first had done him injustice, and she tried what she could to make amends by being social and agreeable in her turn. A couple of miles more had been passed over in this way, not unpleasantly, and they had now reached the deepest and darkest part of the valley through which the road lay. The heavy woods were above them and around them, and not a sound was heard except the murmuring of a little brook, over which they had just passed. The stranger

suddenly rode to her side, and seizing the rein of her bridle, told her at once she must give him the hundred dollar bill.

'Now this is carrying the joke too far,' said Debby, trying to laugh; 'in such a place as this too, it's enough to frighten one.'

'It's no joke at all,' said the stranger; 'we will go no further till you give me the hundred dollar bill.'

Debby trembled and turned pale, for she thought she saw something in the stranger's eye that looked as though he was in earnest.

'But surely you don't mean any such thing?' said Debby, trying to pull the rein from his hand. 'It's too bad to try to frighten me so here.'

'We mustn't dally about it,' said the stranger, holding the rein still tighter—you see I am in earnest, by this, drawing a pistol from his pocket and pointing it toward her.

'Oh! mercy,' said Debby, 'you may have the money, if you will let me go.'

'The money is all I want,' said the stranger, 'but there must be no more dallying; the sooner you hand it over the better.'

Debby at once drew forth the bill and attempted to hand it to the stranger, but her hand trembled so, it dropped from her fingers just before it reached him, and at that moment a little gust of wind wafted it back gently toward the brook.

The stranger leaped from his horse and ran back two or three rods to recover it. Debby was not so far gone in her fright but she had thoughts about her; and seizing the rein of the stranger's horse she applied the whip to both horses at once, and was instantly off upon a quick canter. The man called in a loud threatening tone, and at once fired his pistol at her; but as she did not feel the cold lead, she did not stop or turn enough to give him a farewell look. The remaining five miles of her journey was soon passed over; and as she came out into the settlement and passed the dwellings of her neighbors, many were the heads that looked from the windows and the doors, and great was the wonderment at seeing Debby riding home so fast, and leading such a fine, strange horse.

Her father, who had seen her come over the hill, met her some rods from the house, exclaiming with looks of astonishment—'What upon earth have you here Debby? Whose horse is that?'

'Why Debby, what has thee been doing?' said Mrs. Wilder, who was but a few steps behind her husband; 'thee does not look well: what is the matter?'

As soon as they were seated in the house Debby told them the whole, and Mrs. Wilder's eyes were full of tears during the whole recital. When she had rested a little and the gush of feeling began to subside, Mr. Wilder felt so rejoiced at his daughter's escape, that he began to feel in excellent spirits. He led the strange horse to the door and began to examine him.

'Well, Debby,' said he, 'since you've got home safe at last, we may begin to talk about business a little now. The hundred dollar bill is gone; but I'm thinking, after all, you haven't made a very bad bargain. That's the likeliest horse I've seen this many a day. I don't think it would be a very difficult matter to sell him for two hundred dollars, and you may have the saddle for the twenty dollars, you was to have out of it.'

'And the saddle bags too, I suppose,' said Debby, feeling a little disposed to join in the joke.

'Yes, and the saddle bags too,' said Mr. Wilder; 'no stop we'll see what is in them first; he continued, untying them from the saddle. 'Oh, there's lots of shirts, and stockings, and handkerchiefs, and capital good ones too.—Yes, Debby the saddle bags are yours; these things come in very good time for Joseph, you know.'

Debby colored but said nothing.

'Now, William,' said Mrs. Wilder, 'thee is a little too full of thy fun.'

'No fun about it,' said Wilder, replacing the articles in the leather bags. Here, Debby, take 'em and take care of 'em.'

Debby took the saddle bags to her chamber, not a little gratified with the valuable articles of clothing they contained. She examined the contents upon the bed; and on examining to see if everything was out, she discovered an inside pocket in one of the bags. She opened it and drew therefrom an elegant pocket book, she found it contained a quantity of bills. She counted them and her heart beat quicker and quicker, for before she got through she had fifteen hundred dollars in good bank money.

Debby kept her own counsel. In a few days it was rumored that Joseph Nelson had purchased an excellent little farm in the neighborhood, that had been offered for sale some months since at a thousand dollars, and was considered a great bargain.

'Joseph,' said Wilder the next time they met, 'I am astonished to hear that you have been running in debt for a farm in such times as these. I think you ought to have worked three or four years and got something beforehand, before running in debt so much.'

'But I haven't been running in debt,' said Joseph.

'Haven't you bought Sanderson's farm?' said Wilder.

'Yes, I have,' said Joseph.

'At a thousand dollars?' said Wilder.

'Yes,' said Joseph; 'but I have paid for it all down. I don't run in debt for anything.'

Mr. Wilder was too much astonished to ask any further questions.

Joseph Nelson made an excellent farmer and respectable man; he was industrious and got rapidly beforehand; and Mr. Wilder was always proud of his son-in-law. It was some ten years after this when Mr. Wilder was sitting one day and trotting his third grandson on his knee, that he said,

he said,

he said,

he said,

he said,

he said,

he said,

he said,

he said,

he said,

he said,

he said,

he said,

he said,

he said,



'Debby, I should like to know how Joseph contrived to purchase this farm at the time you were married.'

Debby, stepped to the closet, brought out the old saddle-bags, and opening them, pointed to the inner pocket, saying, 'the money came from there, sir.'

### Legislature of Maine.

#### IN SENATE.

FRIDAY, March 17.

Mr. Smart called up the Apportionment Bill. And the question was on concurring with the House in certain amendments (making the Bill the County line Bill, with some alterations.) It was decided to take up the amendments of the House in detail; and the first question was on setting off three towns from the County of York, and annexing them to Cumberland.

After some discussion the amendment prevailed—yeas 21, nays 5, as follows:—

Yeas—Anderson, Bridgman, Cary, Cunningham, Dana, Frye, Garcelon, Hubbard, Hunt, Ingalls, Main, Millett, Mitchell, Parris, Patterson, Sawtelle, Smart, Stanley, Stetson, Strickland, Strout—21.

Nays—Brooks, Elliot, Leavitt, Lowell, Merritt—5.

The next question was on concurring with the House in rejecting the amendment of the Senate [the double District Bill].

Mr. BRIDGMAN, called for the yeas and nays and they were ordered.—The question was decided in the affirmative as follows—yeas 10, nays 11:—

Yeas—Messrs. Bridgman, Brooks, Burleigh, Cunningham, Frye, Garcelon, Hubbard, Hunt, Ingalls, Leavitt, Lowell, Millett, Mitchell, Sawtelle, Smart, Strout—16.

Nays—Messrs. Anderson, Cary, Dana, Elliot, Main, Merritt, Parris, Patterson, Stanley, Stetson, Strickland—11.

Mr. PATTERSON then moved to amend, by taking from Waldo the towns of Appleton, Palermo, Liberty and Montville, and annexing the same to Lincoln.

Mr. SMART called for the yeas and nays, and they were ordered.

After considerable discussion the amendment was lost—yeas 13, nays 14:—

Yeas—Messrs. Anderson, Burleigh, Cary, Dana, Frye, Leavitt, Main, Merritt, Parris, Patterson, Stanley, Stetson, Strickland—13.

Nays—Messrs. Bridgman, Brooks, Cunningham, Elliot, Garcelon, Hubbard, Hunt, Ingalls, Lowell, Millett, Mitchell, Sawtelle, Smart, Strout—14.

Mr. Merritt here moved two amendments, each being a separate plan of districting, which were acted upon in detail by yeas and nays and lost.

Mr. Stanley then moved to amend, by putting a part of Oxford on to Kennebec and Franklin, and a part of Kennebec on to Lincoln.

While this motion was under discussion the Senate adjourned.

#### AFTERNOON.

The discussion on the Apportionment was resumed; and Mr. Main, having the floor, continued his remarks in favor of the amendment proposed by Mr. Stanley.

Mr. PATTERSON moved to commit the whole subject to a committee of thirty of the Federalists of the other Branch.

The Chair decided the motion to be out of order.

After considerable discussion, the question was taken, and the Senate refused to amend, yeas 7, nays 17, as follows:—

Yeas—Cary, Dana, Elliot, Main, Merritt, Patterson, Stanley—7.

Nays—Bridgman, Brooks, Burleigh, Cunningham, Frye, Garcelon, Hubbard, Hunt, Ingalls, Lowell, Millett, Mitchell, Parris, Sawtelle, Smart, Strickland, Strout—17.

Mr. PATTERSON moved to amend by inserting after the word "Lincoln," Appleton, Liberty, Hope and Camden.

The amendment was lost, yeas 11, nays 13.

Mr. PATTERSON moved to lay the bill on the table, and that tomorrow at ten o'clock, be assigned for its consideration.

The yeas and nays were ordered, and the Senate refused to lay the bill on the table, yeas 12, nays 13.

The question was then on the passage of the Bill to be engrossed.

The yeas and nays were ordered, and the bill was passed to be engrossed, yeas 16, nays 9, as follows:—

Yeas—Bridgman, Brooks, Burleigh, Cunningham, Frye, Garcelon, Hubbard, Hunt, Ingalls, Lowell, Millett, Mitchell, Patterson, Sawtelle, Smart, Strout—16.

Nays—Cary, Dana, Elliot, Main, Merritt, Parris, Stanley, Stetson, Strickland—9.

Mr. PATTERSON gave notice that he should move a reconsideration of the vote, passing this bill to be engrossed, to-morrow at three o'clock, P. M.

#### IN SENATE.

WEDNESDAY, March 22.

Col. John J. Perry of Oxford, was chosen Major General of the 6th Division of the Maine Militia, in place of Major General Stephen Farnum, resigned.

#### IN HOUSE.

WEDNESDAY, March 22.

The Apportionment Bill, as amended by the Senate, was finally passed. The Augusta Correspondent of the Advertiser gives the following abstract of it:

1. The County of York, together with Hiram, Porter, Brownfield, Denmark, Fryeburg, Lovell, Stoneham, Sweden, Waterford, Albany, Mason, Gilead, Bethel, Newry, Bachelor, Grant, Riley, Plantation, Greenwood, Norway, Oxford and Hebron, from Oxford County.

2. County of Cumberland.

3. The Counties of Kennebec and Franklin, except the town of Greene.

4. The County of Lincoln together with the remainder of Oxford County and the town of Greene from Kennebec County.

5. The Counties of Penobscot and Piscataquis.

6. Waldo and Somerset, except Vinalhaven, in Waldo County.

7. Hancock, Washington and Aroostook, together with Vinalhaven in Waldo County.

On the indefinite postponement, Yeas 43, Nays 53.

### OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, MARCH 28, 1843.

#### STUMPING.

We are not altogether prepared to adopt the following remarks, although we agree with them in many respects. It is a somewhat novel idea in this quarter. We have at this moment in theory, at least, some objection to a candidate going before the people and by his eloquence and oratory, recommending himself for office. Some men, it is true, are eloquent, and at the same time sound in principle and in the practice of every political virtue. But there are others, who, although eloquent and capable of addressing public audiences to great effect, are not qualified for important public trusts; and would be unfit to have power conferred upon them. On the contrary it is well known that there are men who are utterly incapable of addressing a promiscuous audience to any effect, who are at the same time judicious, honest, and capable of filling with honor and dignity any station in the gift of the people. If these things are so, and "stumping" become general, would this last class have the least chance to recommend themselves to office? Would there be any possibility of electing any man to office except such an one as was fully prepossessed to meet his antagonist, face to face, before an assembled multitude? That this would be the case is clear to our mind, in theory, at least. How it would result in practice, our observation in such matters is not sufficiently extensive to decide.

Any fluent man, according to the stumping system, may set himself up for a candidate for office. He could appoint various places where he would address the people and meet his antagonist. This would all be very well if good men and only good men would thus set themselves up. But others would undoubtedly claim such distinction. In this case the question would not be between those who could talk best.

But it is said the sovereigns would know, and would discriminate properly at all times. We cannot say they would not. But what has been, may be again. Sovereigns were sadly led away in 1840. The people throughout all ages have been led away at times, and those times not few or far between. Has human nature changed so much that it is not still susceptible of being wrought upon by the power of eloquence? But to the article referred to. It presents the reasons in brief in favor of the stumping system. They are the strongest that can be adduced.

From the Portland American.

#### STUMPING.

Our attention has just been directed to the following from the Nashville, (Tenn.) Union of the 7th inst.—

"We are authorized to state, that James K. Polk, a candidate for Governor of Tennessee, will address his fellow-citizens at the following times and places. At which several times and places he invites his competitor to attend."

The editor of the Union then proceeds to announce appointments for Mr. Polk in seventy-five towns.

"This is the way they do it in the west; and this is the way, too, that the democracy get their success. Let a candidate refuse to take the stump, and we wouldn't give the little end of a farthing candle for his chance."

We like the plan much, and wish it might be adopted in New England. In this way the principles of the candidates become fully known.

There is no chance for non-committalism. They must tell outright what they think—and believe—and intend to do. And though they make half & half speeches, occasionally hoping to elude the set their hearers to playing blind man's buff, yet they don't get off so easily. They have to run the gauntlet of the shrewd comments and close cross questionings of the people, and out the whole must come. One would be far more likely to succeed in an effort to dodge the cross examination of old Jeremiah Mason in open court than to deceive them.

"But it sinks the dignity of the candidate." Polk!—dignity forsooth!—What right has he to more dignity than the sovereigns of the land?—If they do not deem it beneath their dignity to listen, surely it is not beneath his dignity to speak. This idea of dignity is all moonshine in a country like ours. It will do well enough in the land of stars, and coronets, and glitter; but it is entirely out of place in the United States, where the officer is the servant and not the master of the people.

"But it looks like asking for office." Well, and what if it does? Is it not an honor to serve a free people? Is it disgraceful to ask for public distinction? When a name is put up as a candidate it is well understood that the owner of that name wants the office. Why shouldn't he in substance then say so to the people face to face, and tell them what he will do if they will give it to him.

The democracy would have the advantage in such a contest; for they would develop principles and measures, while their opponents have none to exhibit. Let us but perfect this system in New England, and we could carry the entire six States in five years. The people are democratic in feeling, and all they want is light to make them so at the ballot-box.

Ship Wreck—Five lives lost. "Schooner Thomas, (of Bristol, Me.) Sprung from Belfast, Me. for Boston, with wood, struck on Lynn Beach about 4 o'clock Friday morning, week, within a mile of the Lynn Depot, during the snow storm." Of the crew, consisting of seven persons, two were saved, five lost. The people on the beach made signs for the crew to stay on board the Schooner, but not understanding what they meant the crew left for the shore in the boat. The boat soon swamped and they were left to the mercy of the waves. The Capt. and one other man was saved, the others perished. If they had remained on board the wreck until the life boat arrived they would all have been saved. The schooner went to pieces.

The late Storm. It is stated that in the storm of Friday week, the snow fell to the depth of 18 inches in New York.

MILLERISM.—"It is stated that eleven persons have recently been admitted to the Worcester Insane Hospital whose insanity was caused by Millerism." So says the Medical Journal. There are as many more cases which have been reported as having occurred from this cause in this State and N. Hampshire.

There is one case of recent date which has occurred in this vicinity from this cause. The subject of it has been peculiarly excitable on religious topics for a number of years; and has had occasional attacks of insanity. It was remarked a short time since that he would never have another attack, as the patient had not been seized for a longer period than usual. But having embraced the idea that the "final termination of all things is near at hand," because it was proclaimed by those who ought to know better, the equilibrium of the soul is lost, and a wreck of all the moral feelings and intellectual powers is the result. Who can estimate the distress of friends and destruction of property of which this doctrine may be the exciting cause in this single instance? No right is so abused as the liberty of speech. None perverted so much and used to accomplish such base purposes.

SLANDER.—A slanderer is one of the worst pests in society. His occupation the most detestable—his society the most to be shunned—and his friendship the least to be regarded. Flattery is bad enough, but slander is worse. Robbing a man of his character is the most contemptible and demoralizing of all moral aberrations. It only injures the slandered while it does not in the least elevate or enrich the slanderer. None but those deaf to reason and lost to all regard for moral sense can be guilty of such conduct.

"Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing; 'Tis mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands; But he that filches from me my good name, Rides with me on which which not enriches him, And makes me poor indeed."

Insurrection at St. Domingo, (Hayti.) This island is now in a state of Revolution. Great masses of the people have revolted and taken up arms against the Government. There has been two battles fought between the insurgents and the Government troops. In both cases the former were victorious. The latter lost two Generals. The Arsenal has been given up to the victorious insurgents.

Dr. Kimball P. Lovell, from Claremont, N. H. who resides at Jeronica was on his way home when he was seized and imprisoned by order of the commanding Gen. at Jeronica. The charges against him it is said are trifling, but he has been tried by a Court Martial and condemned to be shot. The Consul, Wm. B. Gooch, of N. Yarmouth, at Aux Cayes, asked for a new trial. It was granted; but the result was the same.

It was thought, he being very ill, that the Dr. would not live but a short time, if his sentence was not executed. If the sentence is executed, the Consul will demand his passport and return immediately home.—It is the Government authority that condemned Dr. Lovell.

Riots, who with Jeffers commenced the Revolt, is said to be the greatest Gen. in the whole Island.—Some of them have inscribed on their Banners "Liberty or Death." The contest bids fair to be a severe one and the result doubtful. Several Regiments have deserted and joined the insurgents. Men fighting for Liberty against oppression and servitude ought to be victorious. How this is we have not been made acquainted.

Distressing Accident. A young man in Virginia came to his death by the accidental discharge of his gun while on a hunting excursion. He was found in the evening, his body on one side of a fence and his gun on the other. It is supposed that he was climbing over the fence when the gun, by some accident, discharged its contents into the orbit of the right eye, and came out at the posterior part of the head.

Caution.—The public are cautioned to look out for counterfeit three's on the Washington Bank, Boston. They have been put in circulation at Portland. They are badly executed. Any one with care can detect the spurious.

THE SATURDAY COURIER. This paper came to us last week in an entire new dress, and is also considerably enlarged. It makes a beautiful appearance, and is one of the best family papers published in the United States. Published by M'Makin & Holden, Philadelphia. Terms, \$2.00 per year in advance.

Snow Storms. We are in the midst of another to day. It has already fell to the depth of seven or eight inches, and is still falling.

"The Midnight Cry"—The Nocturnal Yell—and the Morning Screech Owl, are the titles of three papers, which we find quoted in our exchange papers.—Boston Eve. Bulletin.

In addition to these names, we would mention "The Diamond Howl," another advocate of the conflagration. What an aggregate of nominal gloom—Crying—Yelling—Screaming, and Howling.

"We learn that the Legislature rose Friday morning last. We have not received the closing proceedings."

#### "AN EXCELLENT POSITION."

The Philadelphia North American says, that "the great Whig party is now in a most excellent position." That depends altogether upon what the editor means. The culprit on the scaffold, with the rope round his neck, is "in a most excellent position"—to see the audience. The thief in the prisoner's box is "in a most excellent position"—to hear the sentence. The man who falls on his back is "in a most excellent position"—to study the stars.

The great whig party occupies a "position," politically speaking, very similar. It is "in a most excellent position"—to see its leaders scattering in all directions, its hopes scattered by its own folly, its promises returned to it null and void, its future prospects annihilated, and its course for Salt River open and clear.

We know not that this is the "position" of which the Philadelphia North American was thinking; yet we cannot suppose that a sensible man would flatter himself that the whig party occupied any other. We don't believe even our neighbor of the Advertiser would go as far as that.—American.

### ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Yesterday our Catholic fellow citizens celebrated the anniversary of St. Patrick—who is celebrated for his piety in general, and for killing the snakes of Ireland in particular.

The procession made a fine appearance. They were escorted through our principal streets by a company of United States soldiers to the Catholic Church, where an appropriate address was delivered by the pastor.

The Portland Band seemed to have caught the joyous spirit of the occasion, and to play in their best style. When they struck up "St. Patrick's Day," it acted upon the sons of the brave old Isle like exhilarating gas. We never yet saw an Irishman so cold-blooded that it would not stir him up—never. All we should want, in order to gain the independence of Ireland, would be to have an army of her sons fighting under that tune. We recollect an incident which we give by way of illustration.

A few years since we were at a closely contested election in a western city. Nearly all day it was neck to neck. About three miles from the polls was a large body of Irishmen—naturalized citizens—at work on the Railroad. They were laboring by the day, it was deemed useless to ask them to vote. However, they had the balance of power, and after some deliberation a messenger was sent with wagons, promising to return them forthwith. He returned with fortune. Finally, Major S.—a shrewd democrat, jumped on a horse, and remarked that he could get them. He ordered all the teams into a line, and putting the Band into the foremost wagon pushed off. "They drove up to where the men were at work, and stopped on the line. The Major made them a speech, reminding them of their duty to their adopted country. They still dug away, smoking their pipes unconcernedly. The Major gave the wink, and the Band struck up "St. Patrick's day." At first they only worked the faster, their spades and pickaxes flying as though galvanized. Then one after another paused, till they all stood leaning on their implements, looking intently and with sparkling eyes at the music. In a moment or two, one of them gave a loud shout, and sprang for a wagon, and in a short time every man was seated. Off the procession started, and the votes were but just crowded in when the polls were closed. The day was ours. The federal paper next morning had an indignation article about the matter, and belabored our naturalized citizens most cruelly.—American.

Eloquence.—We have heard of all sorts of eloquence, but the following speech, delivered by Mr. Parker, a Whig member of the Indiana legislature, rather exceeds any specimen of rough oratory we have seen. The attempt to apply nautical phrases, and the awful blunders committed, will be exceedingly rich to sea-faring men. We clip it, as we find it reported, from the Indiana State Sentinel.—Plebian.

"The 'able and very talented' member from Henry County rather stuck the whole world by an anecdote which he attempted to relate relative to a sea fight. 'What would you do,' said Mr. P. 'if you supposed yourself engaged with two ships of war?' (We don't know whether he meant the speaker in propria persona, or whether he supposed himself on board of another 'ship of war.') 'What would you do, sir, when you heard the orders 'man the helm,' 'run aloft and secure the cook's stove?' 'What, sir, when you heard his honor the midshipman telling you to 'bear away from the lee head, and trim up the sails?' 'Why, sir, the loco focus put me in mind of the spanker boom of the round house; they are all of them afraid to go aloft and man the big guns; while we, the whigs, are aloft on the bits, these men are skulking in the main top, behind the capstan; they lay down on the royal yard when we go to fire; but when we are ready—yes, sir, when we are ready, sir, they dodge their heads under the garboard strake, and set their galley and flying jib-boom and run off.—'This is, sir, the way the locos do, sir; they are afraid to meet the enemy (talrai) to talrai, because, sir, they know, sir, our rudder would knock away their keelson, sir. Sir, we are ready for this election, sir, but we ain't prepared to go into it, sir; because, sir, as my anecdote illustrates, sir, our tops, sir, are in the wind, sir.—'But, sir, if they will only wait, sir, till we get them under the lee of our anchor, sir, then, sir, we shall be able to meet them. It shall never be said, sir, that our night heads were struck, nor our flag doused from the poop.' [Immense cheering.]"

PARENTS WANTED FOR A BABY.—A man and woman, some four weeks since, arrived at a public house in Andover, Mass., and entered their names as Mr. and Mrs. Gorham, of Lowell. They stated there about three weeks, during which time the lady added an infant to the already numerous population of our growing country.—When she was sufficiently recovered, the husband hired a horse and sleigh to give her a ride for an hour or two, as all kind-hearted husbands should do. But babies being very inconvenient things to take pleasure jaunts with, the landlord's daughter was requested to keep charge of it until the mother's return. Now both father and mother, by no uncommon lapse of memory, forgot to return. The Andover landlord traced them to this city, where they arrived a few days since and put up at one of our hotels. Last Tuesday they took the stage for Paris. They came to Portland by public conveyance; and what became of the hired team we are not informed. It is supposed that they are not married, and the man belongs to Rumford, in this State.

P. S. If the affectionate parents should happen to see this article, we are happy to inform them that we are authorized to state that the child is "doing nicely." The landlord, however, is anxious to consult with them personally about the name it shall be called, and other trifling matters.—Portland American.

Some of the late Coon melodies are exceedingly pathetic, the following for example:

That Coon is gone—that same old Coon—  
We never shall see her more—  
Ye Federal Whigs, with tearful eyes,  
That same old Coon deplore."

### GOOD PREACHING—BAD PRACTICE.

England is a very pious nation, very—that is, theoretically. To read its books and its papers—some of them—one might think that the promised Millennium had already attained its perfect growth in that blessed land. Look, for example, at the following from the London Herald:—

"It is in vain that President Tyler expects to revive American credit by a national currency; it can only be re-established by national honesty; and until every farthing of the interest due by every State be discharged to the uttermost penny, and the principal money due therefrom be placed on better security, the public credit of the United States of America will not raise a hundred thousand pounds on this side the Atlantic."

Now, one would hardly suppose that the above emanated from a country the most hypocritical on the face of the green globe, and the most dishonest in Christendom.

They have been for years in the habit of preaching morality to the sinners on this side of the Atlantic, without apparently remembering that every vice in America had its germ in England, and that a majority of the charges which they folminate against us, *ex Cathedra*, may be retorted with perfect justice.

Let us see.

They charge us with slavery. Well, we are not going to justify the wrong, but where did American slavery originate? England fastened it on us; and now, while abusing this country she holds in bondage in the East Indies four slaves to our one. Let the hypocritical government of that hypocritical country emancipate first her own slaves before they talk to us of our duty. Let her reinstate the sovereignty of the East Indians, now crushed and mangled beneath the ponderous wheels of the golden chariot of the East India Company—and then peradventure, we may turn to them a more ready ear. But no; ever we do that they must go a step further. Let their millions of white slaves at home be emancipated first. By their own law they provide for the starvation of ten millions of poor, and the half-starvation of five millions more. Ay, let them look at home.

But with reference to the extract from the London Herald. We have a national currency in gold and silver, and if President Tyler were to attempt to make any other he would find himself in a very uncomfortable position.

We regret the debts due by some of the States, and the doctrine of repudiation. But the man who would throw the responsibility of these matters upon the National Government shows a most culpable ignorance of the nature of our institutions. The British writers are very much in the habit of discussing subjects of which they understand nothing. They generally write to order; and many of them are mere penny-aliners, to whom verbiage is bread and butter.

But they are a fine people to talk about "National honesty!" Why, they rob millions at home of their labors to fatten the lazy lordlings of their Court, and abroad their magnificent robberies, although done in accordance with Vattel, elevate them but little above the pirates of Barbary.—Portland American.

THE PAST CONGRESS.—In the house of Representatives, recently, M. Brown of Pennsylvania said—

"There never had been since the beginning of the government a House of Representatives so disorderly, or one that had indulged in so much criminal and recriminating debate; and that too, by whigs upon whigs. Day after day had he and other democratic members sat in silence and sorrow, listening to one whig member abusing, ridiculing, and reviling another; and one after another, by dozens, abusing, ridiculing, and reviling the president of the United States—that president that their votes had elected. And this was what they called reform."

Look out for bad Money. On Saturday last information was lodged with Constable Walker that two men had been passing bad money of bills upon a worthless bank, declaring the money good. He succeeded in finding them. One of them is named Eliphaz Leavitt, a familiar jail bird; the other is named Robert Lancaster, hails from China (not the Celestial Empire, but in Kennebec County.) has been a justice of the peace, & thought it quite insulting that he should be suspected of wrong doing.

These worthies were taken before the Police Court; Leavitt was sentenced to 30 days imprisonment, and a fine of \$10 and costs. Lancaster was sentenced to 10 days imprisonment, and to pay a fine of \$20. Bangor Whig.

### NEW HAMPSHIRE ELECTION.

The Boston Post of yesterday gives returns from all the towns in the State but nine. Hubbard's majority over all his opponents in the towns heard from, is 939, and will be increased to 1100 of 1200 by the full returns. The democratic congressional ticket is elected by about the same majority, and there are sound democratic majorities in both branches of the legislature.

Loss of the U. S. sloop of war Concord. The whale ship Barelay, Capt. Briggs, from the Indian Ocean, via St. Helena, arrived at New Bedford 15th inst, reports that the U. S. sloop of war Concord was lost on the east coast of Africa, and that the U. S. sloop of war John Adams, having the officers and crew of the Concord on board, sailed from the Cape of Good Hope Jan 3, 1843, for Rio Janeiro. No further particulars.

Duel in High Life.—The New Orleans Bee of the 14th says: "A meeting took place, yesterday morning, between Judge Waggaman, a member of the State Senate, and formerly of the United States Senate, and Mr. Dennis Prieur, late Mayor of the city, in which the former was severely wounded. The cause of quarrel has been of long standing, and relates to domestic affairs."

General Jackson was 76 years of age last Wednesday. He still possesses all the faculties of his vigorous mind, with a prospect of a lease for several years yet.



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**ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.**—The Bridgeton, N.J. Chronicle says that Mrs. Sarah Smith, who died in that place on the 25th ult., was a linen descendant of the royal family of Sweden. Her g.g. grand-mother Elizabeth, in the turbulent times of that kingdom, was compelled to flee from her native country when she was sixteen years old. She was concealed in a hoghead on board of a ship at Stockholm, for some time before the vessel sailed for America. She brought many valuable treasures with her across the water, which were also concealed on board the ship; but after the vessel sailed over the Atlantic she was wrecked on the Jersey shore. This lady, with a few of the crew, barely saved their lives. In her destitute condition, on the shore of a vast wilderness, as New Jersey then was, she fell in with a hunter by the name of Garrison; their acquaintances grew into intimacy and ripened into love. She married him, and by him had ten children. It is said that her youngest son, William, was born when she was in her 55th year. Died in the 95th year of her age. She has a grandson now living in Bridgeton, who was brought up by her until he was about 9 years of age, to whom she related this narrative, and many of her interesting adventures. This gentleman computes his grandmother's descendants in the country at more than a thousand.

**BILL AGAINST SEDUCTION.** The bill introduced into the Pennsylvania Legislature making seduction a penal offence, was of Quaker paternity. The Philadelphia Ledger says that such an important first step would come very properly from a Quaker State; for the Quakers admit and act upon, more extensively than any other sect, the natural equality of rights between the two sexes. The Quaker regards woman as man's friend, companion, and help-mate; but all other denominations of the civilized world regard her, more or less, as his subordinate. The tenth commandment classifies her with the ox and the ass, as man's property; and the marriage services of both Catholic and Protestant churches require her to obey. But the Quaker says—"I, Obadiah, take thee, Rachel, for my wife; and I, Rachel, take thee, Obadiah, for my husband, to live together till death do us part, in mutual love honor, respect, confidence, and assistance." If true, *chivalry* exist in this world, the Quakers have it.

**DANGER OF COMETS.** Concerning the dangers to be apprehended from these erratic bodies, Professor Olmstead, in a lecture delivered at New Haven on Thursday evening last, remarked as follows:

"Every thing in nature is so nicely adjusted, that the universe has nothing in itself to prevent it from standing forever, till the fiat of Jehovah, who called it into being, shall bring it to an end. Even if comets should come in the place of earth's orbit, which they seldom do, hundreds of thousands of them might pass without touching the earth. If the train should strike the earth it could not penetrate our atmosphere, being much lighter than the air, but would float at a great distance above us, like wood upon the water. It might cause something like the shooting stars, but could produce no greater harm than perhaps a storm or a visitation of the air.

"The quantity of matter in comets is exceedingly small. Even in the nucleus the matter must be of extreme tenuity. One comet came among the satellites of Jupiter, and though its orbit was entirely changed, it had no perceptible influence on the planets of Jupiter. It was like the influence of a feather on the earth—though the feather attracts the earth as much as the earth attracts the feather, yet the influence in one case is much more apparent than in the other.

"It is pretty generally believed that comets shine by reflected light, and not *per se*. The train is supposed to be particles carried off from the comet by the sun's rays impinging on the body. Newton supposed that it might be vapor arising from heat.

"The present comet has passed its perihelion, and is now receding from us, perhaps never to return. It is one of the most splendid sights which man has ever been permitted to see."

**REMARKABLE CELESTIAL PHENOMENON.** A very extraordinary appearance was noticed in the western horizon last night. It was in the form of a broad belt of light, which extended from the horizon, midway towards the zenith, at an angle of about forty-five degrees. The Millerites in this city and Brooklyn were thrown into terrible convulsions, and several of the female disciples almost expired in hysterics. [N. Y. Herald.]

**Dr. Channing, in one of his latest addresses, says, with as much beauty as force, "that the grand end of society is to place within the reach of all its members the means of improvement, of elevation, of the true happiness of man. There is a higher duty than to build almshouses for the poor, and that is to save men from being degraded in the blighted influence of an almshouse. Man has a right to something more than bread to keep him from starving. He has a right to the aids and encouragement and culture, by which he may fulfil the destiny of a man; and until society is brought to recognize and reverence this, it will continue to groan under its present miseries."**

**SPINSTERS.** Formerly women were prohibited from marrying until they had spun a set of bed furniture, and, till their wedding, were consequently called spinsters, which continues to this day, in England, in all legal proceedings. Ladies now spin—street yarn.

**Lot of Land on the corner of Bowdoin and Beacon streets.** It will be recollected by our readers that there is a large vacant lot of land on the corner of the above streets. It was originally in the possession of the Bowdoin family, and by the terms of a will of a member of that family, the corporation of Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me., have laid claims to the land. President Woods, of that institution, has been in the city during the entire winter vacation, attending to it, and has secured the services of some of the best lawyers in the country to prosecute the claims of the corporation. [Mer. Jour.]

The following rules for singing Church Music are from the Belfast Journal:

"Let the principal female performer keep about half a note ahead of the rest of the choir. It will show that she is always up to the chalk, and means to get through with her work as soon as any of them.

A man who sings in church, should always in so doing, make a noise as loud as common thunder, and not bury his talents in a napkin; the more of a good thing the better.

If he sings tenor, he should always sing through his nose as well as his mouth; he takes the wind in at both passages, and why not send it out at both?

The nasal twang is so much the better, because it resembles the bantboy-stop on the organ.

Besides, it is doing equal and exact justice to make the mouth and nose both officiate at the same time.

If he sings bass, let him sing it with a vengeance. Let him "sound down" until the audience think he is capable of singing bass to thunder. It will give them an exalted opinion of the compass of his voice. If he cannot sing right let him sing wrong. It will show that he means to perform all that he agreed to, and at all events that he puts his shoulder to the work.

He should never trouble himself about pronouncing the words of the psalm or hymn distinctly, for the whole congregation have the words before them, and can read for themselves; what care they whether a syllable is articulated or not. "Words are but wind;" and not only so, who can pronounce words with his nose?

But if a singer chooses to pronounce the words, he should do it with a flourish, a sort of whirlwind in his mouth. In this manner they become magnified, circumvented and beautifully confused; there is no danger in all this, for they will all get into perfect order again by the time they have travelled once round the meeting house.

Hon. V. D. Parris has been chosen by the Senate to preside over that body, made vacant by the election of Mr. Fairfield. Mr. Parris is a general favorite with all who have the good fortune to possess his acquaintance; his generous and open-hearted character, sound and liberal mind, firm and thorough democracy, have rendered him equally a public favorite, and we know of no individual in whose hands power may be more confidently entrusted, and no one is more worthy of it, than Mr. Parris. [Belfast Journal.]

**Earthquake in New York.** The Journal of Commerce says—"We have undoubted evidence that the earthquake of Feb. 5th, which occasioned so dreadful a destruction of life and property in the West Indies, was distinctly felt in this city. Three persons who were together in the upper loft of a high building, engaged in a sedentary employment, observed their tables to shake, and one of them felt a sensation similar to sea sickness. They mutually expressed surprise at what they saw and felt, and could in no other way account for it but by attributing it to the shock of an earthquake. One of them noted the date on the wall of the room, and allowing for difference of longitude, it is found to coincide with the date of the earthquake in the West Indies.

**RIVERS IN CHINA.** Captain Bingham, in his work on China, just published in England, says the Yang-tee-kiang, or Chih of the Ocean is one of the most extensive rivers in the world second only to the Mississippi and Amazon. It takes its rise in Tibet, and ere reaching the sea passes over an extent of two thousand seven hundred miles of country in its circuitous route, relieving the Lakes Toonging and Poyang of their superfluous waters. When passing Nankin, it runs with a continued ebb, and with such force as to require a strong breeze to sail against it. In its downward course, numerous islands are formed, which are constantly increasing from the quantity of soil suspended in its waters.

**AMERICAN GOLD.** The New gold mine in Moore county N. C. employs 300 hands, raising \$30 or \$40 per week to each man. The gold is found in lumps just below the surface, and the search for it is very rudely conducted. One lump worth \$16 has been found.

**THE MORRISON ASSASSIN.**—The St. Louis Republican says, Orrin Porter Rockwell, the Mormon who has been accused of being the person who attempted to assassinate Ex-Governor Boggs last fall, was apprehended on board of a steamboat, at the wharf, yesterday, and committed to jail. He will now have to stand his trial.

**ART REPLY.**—An honest son of Erin, green from his peregrination, put his head into a lawyer's office and asked the inmate, "and what do you sell here?" "Blockheads," replied the limb of the law. "Och! then, to be sure," said Pat, it must be a good trade; for I see that there's but one left."

**A SOUTHERN CONUNDRUM.**—To the question, by a lady, "Why is the steamer Brilliant like a gentle maiden?" Major Kelly, of the Bayou Sara Chronicle, answers—"Because she stows a good deal of cotton oil." This is a very impertinent reply, and merits a stern rebuke.

**American Tin.** Professor Jackson of Boston has sent to the National Institute at Washington, an ingot of pure tin ore obtained in Jackson, New Hampshire. The compact tin ore of Jackson yields 73 per cent. of pure tin, and the ore, as it is usually got out by blasting, yields 35 to 40 per cent.

**A city without a bank.** Buffalo, New York, is now without a bank; yet business is brisker there, and drafts on New York can be obtained at cheaper rates than ever.

**Look out for War.**—The Milwaukee Courier states that a Memominee squaw, in Washington county, Wisconsin, recently presented her lord with four papooses at one birth.

**Cruel Veto.** Gov. Chambers, of Iowa, has vetoed a bill divorcing nineteen couples, which passed the legislative council of that territory.

**Disaster to the U. S. Ship Saratoga.** The Saratoga which put to sea from the lower harbor on Thursday afternoon last was overtaken by the storm before reaching Cape Ann. Finding they could not weather the Cape, they endeavored at about 11 o'clock to return to this harbor, but the weather being thick and the lights not seen, they came to anchor inside the shoals. The storm now came on with increased fury, the ship rolled heavily, and finding she dragged her anchor, and was rapidly nearing the breakers, it was deemed advisable at 7 o'clock A. M. to cut away the mast; and she rode out the gale without any further damage. Several of our citizens went down to Wallace's Sand on Friday to see the ship and notwithstanding the storm was over, she then rolled so heavily as to show her keel. She was about a mile from the beach with the breakers about a quarter of a mile under her stern, and was safely moored with four anchors out. Capt. Wm. Neil & a few hardy adventurers from this town soon boarded her in a life boat belonging to Fort Constitution, and under their directions, we learn she was brought into our lower harbor in tow of a schooner, on Saturday morning last.

The vessel was bound to New York where she was to have a hurricane deck erected, and take in Capt. Perry, the commander of the Africa and serve as the flag ship until the frigate Potomac could be got ready for that service. [Portsmouth Gaz.]

**BRADFORD HAWLOW, Esq.** was re-elected Mayor of Bangor on Monday last. He received 156 more votes than all others. Four candidates were run.

**OLD FATHER RICHIE.** The editor of the Richmond Enquirer utterly declines the nomination for Vice President, and disclaims any pretensions to the office. He neither asks, nor will he accept it.

**PRETTY GOOD.**—The provisions made by Capt. Tyler, for his Guard, are *wise* and *profitable*. He is said to be pushing *Forward* to Pittsburgh.

#### MARRIED.

In Woodstock, 13th inst. by Rev. Mr. Ford, Mr. Leonard Young, of Greenwood, to Miss Eliza Jane Curtis, of Woodstock.

For the Democrat.

#### LINES.

**ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.**  
Farewell a long farewell, my early friend,  
On earth, thy face I shall behold no more;  
Thy cares and sorrows now have found their end;  
Thy barque has gain'd the everlasting shore.

Thy weary form is laid beneath the sod,  
And Wintry winds blow o'er thy recent grave;  
But thy free spirit, near the throne of God,  
We trust is singing Jesus' power to save.

I scarce can think that thou from earth hast fled,  
And burst asunder all our youthful ties;  
I scarce can feel that thou art with the dead,  
So many memories of the past arise.

Few seem the days since round the brook we play'd,  
Or gathered berries from the clambering vine;  
Joyous the hearts of those who with us stray'd,  
But none more joyous, none more light than thine.

Long years have gone since then, and many a cloud  
Has thrown its shadow o'er thy sunny sky;  
Sorrow unnumber'd by the thoughtless crowd,  
Dimm'd a'weil in youth, the lustre of thine eye.

A wife and mother in thine early years,  
Life's Summer cares upon thy Spring-time prest;  
Alternate joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,  
Hung, all too soon, a burden on thy breast.

But now thy cares are o'er; thy tears are dried;  
Thy voice, we trust, is tuned to songs of praise;  
Thy form is resting by thy husband's side,  
Among the buried friends of early days.

Should life be spared, I oft shall mark the spot,  
And call to mind past scenes of grief and mirth;  
Our childhood's friendship shall not be forgot,  
While memory brings round the things of earth.

Oh may thy children and the faithful friend  
Who watch'd thy pillow with untiring love,  
Think of the hopes which cheer'd thee to the end,  
And strive to join thee in the world above.

CHRONA.

**DIED.**—In this town, Feb. 5th, Mrs. MIRANDA, wife of Wm. Russ, Esq. aged 53 years.  
In this town, 29th ult., George W. Clark, aged 6.  
Mrs. Sarah Twitchell, aged 90.  
In Andover, Asyria W. daughter of Aaron Dunn, aged 17.

**For Sale.**  
**FIRST RATE ACCORDION.** Enquire at this Office. 2 47  
March 23.

**DENTISTRY, DENTISTRY.**  
FILLING, Separating, Cleaning and Setting Artificial Mineral Pivot Teeth, done by  
T. H. BROWN, Paris-Hill.  
Price.—Filling with Gold, from 25 cts to \$1.00.  
do Tin Foil, 25 50  
Cleaning set of Teeth, 50 1.00  
Setting Pivot Teeth, \$1.00 1.50 & 2.00  
Work warranted.—March 23. 47

**NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.**  
WHEREAS, John Whittemore, of Lebanon, in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, by his Deed of Mortgage dated the 15th day of Oct. one thousand eight hundred and thirty-three, and recorded in the Oxford Registry of Deeds Book 40, page 221, conveyed to Moses Allen of said Lebanon, certain real estate situated in said Lebanon, for a particular description of which reference may be had to said Mortgage Deed; which Mortgage Deed has been duly assigned to the subscriber. Now notice is hereby given, by reason of the breach of said Deed of Mortgage, of my claim to the real estate described therein, and I give this notice to foreclose said Mortgage agreeably to the Statute in such cases made and provided.

MOSES M. WHITEMORE.  
Oxford, March 23, 1843. 3w37r

**NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.**  
WHEREAS, Joseph Cummings, of Bethel, in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, by his Deed of Mortgage dated September the twenty-seventh A. D. 1839, conveyed to the subscriber a certain tract of land situated in said Bethel, it being "all of Lot No. 8 in the 1st Range except fifty acres off of the North end of the Lot," which Mortgage Deed is recorded in the Oxford Registry of Deeds Book 53, page 317; and whereas, the conditions of said Mortgage is broken I claim to foreclose the same, agreeably to the Statute in such cases made and provided.

Ebenezer Drake.  
North Paris, March 23, 1843. 47  
**BLANKS**  
For sale at this Office.

#### Treasurer's Notice.—Porter.

**Resident Money Tax.**  
NOTICE is hereby given to the owners of Real Estate in the town of Porter, in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, that the same is taxed in Bills of Assessment bearing date 1843, and were committed to Joseph Taylor, Collector of said town for A. D. 1843, are still due and unpaid, and no person having appeared within six months from the date of said assessment to discharge the same he has made and certified a true copy of so much of the said Assessment as relates to the taxes due on such Real Estate, and I have caused the same to be duly recorded in a Book kept for that purpose.

Owners names or general description. Range. Value. Amt of Tax.

Andrew G. Fox or unknown, 1 house, 1 barn and 25 acres of land occupied by A. G. Fox and others. F 10 137 3 00  
Thomas Chick Jr. or unk. 1 house, 2 barns and 50 1/4 acres of land occupied by T. Chick, Jr. B 2 & 3 97 2 55  
John Pearl or unk. 1 house and 100 acres of land. E 15 164 4 32  
Daniel Ridley or unk. 1 house and 100 acres of land occupied by Jacob M. New. G 15 142 3 78  
Moses T. Graves or unk. 1 house, 1 barn and 19 acres of land occupied by M. T. Graves. G 16 93 2 44  
Rufus Meservie or unknown 25 acres of land. F 2 40 1 05  
Joseph Stanley, Jr. or unk. 1 house, 1 barn and 25 acres of land occupied by J. Stanley, Jr. B 13 164 4 32  
Richard Fox or unk. 1 house, 1 barn and 50 acres of land occupied by R. Fox. G 13 179 4 71  
Extra Towl or unk. 1 house, 1 barn and 50 acres of land occupied by Josiah Sargeant. D 1 112 2 95  
Jacob Braden or unk. 1 house, 1 barn and 43 acres of land occupied by Jacob Braden. G 8 121 3 18  
Nathaniel Beale or unk. 2 houses, 1 barn and 1 acre of land. E 1 50 1 56  
James Stanley or unk. 1 house and 53 acres of land occupied by James Stanley. D 17 85 2 22  
Annul Bridges or unk. 55 acres of land occupied by A. B. C 15 118 3 11

**Non-Residents.**

Owners Names. Range. Value. Amt of Tax.

Unknown. Deficient Highway, 1841, 40 40 1 85  
Heire of Wm. Towl, Esq. A 2 37 46 1 20  
do do 3 44 44 1 15  
do do B 1 100 75 1 97  
do do 2 15 11 28  
do do 3 50 10 1 32  
do do 7 70 21 2 21  
do do C 1 100 75 1 97  
do do 2 14 14 36  
do do 5 33 21 62  
do do 6 33 29 75  
do do 7 36 27 70  
do do 8 20 15 29  
do do 9 12 9 23  
do do 13 50 63 1 58  
do do 16 50 25 65  
do do 17 54 41 1 07  
do do D 1 60 60 1 58  
do do 2 148 74 1 94  
do do 3 93 40 1 25  
do do 4 148 74 1 94  
do do 5 148 74 1 94  
do do 6 30 23 59  
do do 7 95 74 1 94  
do do 9 80 80 2 11  
do do 10 79 79 2 02  
do do 15 45 73 1 21  
do do 16 105 78 2 05  
do do 17 5 4 10

One Store and Stable formerly occupied by Wm. T. Coolbroth. 85 2 24  
112 of Barn formerly occupied by Wm. Towl, Esq. 40 1 05

BENJAMIN FRENCH,  
Porter, Feb. 27, 1843. 3w47

**Administrator's Sale.**

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of a License given from the Probate Court in the County of Oxford on the 18th day of October last (1842) there will be exposed for sale at public Auction at the Tavern House of Samuel Sother, in Fryburg, on Saturday the sixth day of May next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, all the real estate of the late Jonathan H. Ward, deceased and late of Fryburg in said County, consisting of one sixth part of the Water privilege, Shingle Machine and Tannery near Fryburg Village, an undivided half of about ten acres of land up the stream and above said privilege. Also, an undivided half of about four hundred acres of pine plain in the Codman land, so called, in Fryburg. Also, an undivided half of Fifty acres of land in Slow, near Capt. Jeremy Eastman's. Also, two Lots of land in Bachelder's Grant. Also, the undivided half of the Widow's dower for the payment of his debts and incidental charges of said estate.

EDWARD WESTON, Administrator.  
Dated this 16th day of March, A. D. 1843. 47

**Executor's Sale.**

PURSUANT to a License of the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford I shall sell at public Vends, late of Paris in said County, deceased, including if necessary the reversion of the Widow's Dower therein, as will produce the sum of one thousand dollars for the payment of the just debts of said deceased, charges of administration and incidental charges.  
Said real estate consists of one half the farm on which deceased formerly lived situated in Paris, and the right of redemption in the other half of said farm.  
The sale will take place on the premises on Saturday, the 23rd day of April next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon. Conditions made known at the time and place of sale.

GYRIAN STEVENS, Executor.  
Paris, March 7, 1843. 3w47

**Notice.**

THE subscriber gives notice that having contracted with the Overseers of the Poor of the town of Hartford to maintain Silas Doten, a pauper of that town, for one year from this date, and having made ample provision for a comfortable living for him, at his dwelling in Hartford, he hereby forbids all persons trusting him or supporting him in any part, on account of the subscriber or of the town of Hartford.

JOSEPH DEARBORN.  
Hartford, March 21, 1843. 3w47

**NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.**

ON the twelfth of September, A. D. 1840, Thomas Turner, of Turner, now deceased, conveyed to me by Deed of Mortgage part of Lot 211 situated in Turner, County of Oxford, for the payment of a certain note of hand therein mentioned, reference for a more particular description of said land may be had to the Registry of Deeds for said County, Book 60th, page 91st. The condition of said Mortgage having been broken, the undersigned claims possession of said land therein described for the purpose of foreclosing the same.

SIDNEY TURNER.  
Livermore, March 15th, 1843.

**For Sale, or to Let.**

THE WELCHVILLE HOTEL, in Oxford, with 20 acres of first rate land. Possession given the 10th of April next. For terms, &c. enquire at this Office.

BENJAMIN PRATT, Jr.  
Oxford, March 20, 1843. 44

#### Collector's Notice.—Hiram.

NOTICE is hereby given to the resident and non-resident proprietors and owners of lands and real estate situated in the town of Hiram, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that the following described property and real estate are taxed for the year 1843, 44, and 45, for State, County and Town Taxes in full committed for collection to Peleg Wadsworth, Treasurer and Collector of the town of Hiram, in sums following, and that the same remain unpaid, viz:—

Names of Owners or Occupants.	Year.	House.	Bar.	No. Acres.	Value.	County Tax.	State Tax.	Town Tax.
George Gould,	1839	1	1	54 1/2	175	\$2 71		
do	40	1	1	54 1/2	109	1 65		
do	41	1	1	54 1/2	25	37		
William Parker,	40	1	1	14 1/2	125	99	duo	
do	41	1	1	14 1/2	73	1 43		
Ephraim Hubbard,	41	1	1	12 1/2	71	1 38		
William Manchester,	41	1	1	50 1/2	148	2 80		
Joseph Eldridge,	41	1	1	1	63	1 33		
Charles W. Whitten,	41	1	1	37 1/2	135	2 63		
Non Residents.								
James Osgood,	33	1	1	728	898	3 92	duo	
do	40	1	1	728	879	13 83		
do	41	1	1	816	1316	25 60		
Robert McDonald,	41	1	1	58	116	2 26		
Moses E. Graves,	41	1 1/4	Mill	4	37	72		
Peleg W. Barnes,	41	1	1	100	217	4 22		

The said Treasurer and Collector will proceed according to law to sell at public Auction to the highest bidder, at the store of John P. Hubbard in said Hiram, at one o'clock in the afternoon, on Monday, the 17th day of July next, so much of said property and real estate as shall be sufficient to discharge said taxes and the necessary intervening charges, if no person shall appear on or before that time to discharge said taxes and charges.

Dated at Hiram this eleventh day of March, A. D. 1843.

PELEG WADSWORTH,  
Treasurer and Collector as aforesaid.

**Farm for Sale.**

A well known and excellent Farm, being the Farm on which the Rev. DANIEL GOULD lived, at the time of his decease, situated in Rumford near the Centre Meeting House, containing one hundred acres of land, thirty acres of which are lateral and all under improvement, and seventy acres of upland adjoining, between twenty and thirty acres of which are under improvement as pasture. There was cut the last season from fifteen to twenty tons of Hay on said Farm. And it is capable of being made one of the most productive Farms in the town. There is a comfortable one story House, and a Barn 36 by 40 feet and well fitted, and a good well of water. The land is undoubtedly equal to any in town.

The above Farm will be sold at public Vendue on Wednesday, the 12th day of April next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, unless sold at private sale before that time. The Farm will be sold at a bargain, and affords a good opportunity for which the Farmer or a good Farm. It is to be sold by direction of the Rev. Daniel Gould, who, in his last Will directs his Executor to sell the same. The terms are fifty per cent down when the Deed shall be delivered. The remainder in good security on time.

PETER C. VIRGIN, Executor.  
March 5th, 1843. 3w45

**Foreclosure of Mortgage.**

THE subscriber, being assignee of a mortgage dated and given on the seventh day of December, eighteen hundred and thirty-eight, by Nathaniel Adkins, Jr. to Elias Craig, of the following described land, hereby gives notice that the condition of said mortgage has been broken, by reason whereof a foreclosure is claimed, viz: A lot situated in Canton, being the East half of lot No. 1 in the fourth Range according to the survey of the town of Jay, of which said Canton formerly was a part, and being the same land which John Persons conveyed as recorded in the Records of said County Book 62, page 245; also, Lot No. ten in the thirteenth Range according to said plan.

ASA REDINGTON, Assignee.  
Augusta, March 15, 1843. 8w46

**Notice to Foreclose a Mortgage.**

PUBLIC Notice is hereby given that I, the subscriber, of Patten, in the County of Penobscot, do claim by deed of Mortgage executed to me by Henry Russ, of Paris, in the County of Oxford, the thirteenth day of April A. D. 1840, and recorded with Oxford County Deeds Book 53, page 335, a certain tract of land composed of a Saw-mill, privilege and Saw-mill situated in said Paris, County of Oxford and State of Maine, and I further give notice that the conditions of the aforesaid mortgage have been broken, the said Henry Russ not having paid the notes mentioned in said condition: I therefore claim to have possession of said mortgaged premises for breach of the conditions of said mortgage and do foreclose the same.

ELBRIDGE G. STETSON.  
By his Atty, Wm. R. RUSSELL.  
Dated at Paris, March 16, 1843. 46

**FARM FOR SALE.**



